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the name of the author, not for  
publication, but as guaranty against imposition.  
All letters pertaining to business of the office  
must be addressed to the Editor.

## Poetry.

### A KNotty POINT.

BY F. F.

"An answer will serve all men."  
[ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.]

"If women vote as well as men,"  
Says Dick one day to Ned;  
"Pray, can you tell me, of the house,  
Which of them is the head?"

Said Ned: "If both have equal rights,  
No matter great or small,  
There certainly must be two heads,  
Or else no head at all."

"But, stop; here is another point:  
Supposing both have riches,  
Which of them should be seen for debt,  
Or which should claim the breeches?"

## Original.

No. 9. For the REPUBLICAN.

### PRISON LIFE.

BY A PRISONER.

Friends. Up to the 28th of July I  
had not seen any old acquaintances in  
the prison, and I had concluded myself  
with the thought that if I found a  
resting place in the graveyard, my  
friends would never know my fate.  
But on that day as I was walking  
down to the brook, a man arrested my  
attention. He was disputing with an  
Irishman who was cursing our govern-  
ment for not releasing us. I had  
seen the same person a few days be-  
fore, and something about him then  
looked familiar. Now, as he argued  
with the ignorant foreigner, showing  
plainly the rebels were to blame for  
our captivity, and growing eloquent  
in his appeals to the crowd that had  
gathered around, I stopped to listen.  
When he finished, the crowd applauded  
him, and then memory brought his  
name to mind, and stepping up to  
him I said, are you not Col. C., of  
Waynesburg. In an instant he knew  
me and shaking my hand almost off,  
led me to his tent. There I found  
Capt. Rogers, Chas. Hook, Rich.  
Adams, Ben. Hagar, and other Greene  
county boys. It seemed like home to  
me. I was then so reduced in flesh  
they almost despaired of my life, but  
the Col. said, "we will get him out."  
As a help to this, some money was  
placed in my hand, for which I can  
never be grateful enough. With it I  
purchased raw potatoes to cure the  
scurvy, with which I was then afflicted.  
While on the subject I may as  
well describe this disease:

It usually appeared first in the  
gums. These became blue, and rot-  
ten, and finally turned black, and the  
teeth grew loose in their sockets and  
often fell out. I often pulled chunks  
of flesh the size of a pea from my mouth.  
Some could take their teeth out with  
their fingers and place them in again,  
and if they got well the teeth would  
remain. My front teeth are still loose  
from the effects of it. In a few days  
it attacks the legs, particularly about  
the joints, drawing the leaders, mak-  
ing the persons lame, and turning the  
flesh a bluish color, fringed with yel-  
low. The victims scarcely looked  
like men. The worst of all was, it  
was often attended with diarrhoea that  
soon carried its prey down to the  
grave. I think the highest number  
of deaths in one day was a hundred  
and fifty. This was in August. Gen-  
erally, from thirty to a hundred were  
taken out, exclusive of those that died  
in the hospital. The dead were thrown  
into a wagon and hauled to the  
trenches and then laid in side by side,  
with only a foot or two of dirt to cover  
them. It is said their graves were  
marked, but it is very doubtful if they  
were correctly.

Very often our rations were cut off  
for some trivial excuse. On the 3rd  
and 4th of July the rebels reorganized  
the detachments and in consequence  
nothing was given us to eat. To keep  
us quiet they pretended they were  
going to send us away for ex-  
change.

One thing is worthy of notice here.  
We knew the Presidential contest at  
home was vigorously being carried on.  
The rebels were loud in their praise of  
McClellan, and declared if he was  
elected, peace would be at once made.  
And yet but few of the prisoners  
wished for this, even though they  
knew it would bring release to them.  
They preferred to see the Union saved,  
even if they had to lie down in the  
burning sand and die. It was amus-  
ing to hear the men cursing when they  
would get no rations, or something  
would go wrong. The first maledic-  
tion would be upon our government,  
then upon the War Department, then  
on Gen. Grant, and finally winding  
up on Jeff Davis, and the whole  
Southern Confederacy.

# The Waynesburg Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,

FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

VOL. XI.

WAYNESBURG, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1868.

NO. 43.

## ENCOURAGE SKILLED LABOR.

Individual wealth aggregated, makes  
the wealth of communities. Encour-  
agement to manufacturers develops  
energy, cultivates taste, improves me-  
chanics, and attracts custom, not only  
to the mechanic, but to his neighbor.  
Every man who goes out of his own  
community to spend a dollar, does just  
that much injury to himself and the  
neighborhood in which he lives. The  
Editor appeals to the people at home  
that it is a home journal, educating  
public taste, promoting intelligence,  
encouraging industry and giving gen-  
eral tone to society; every argument  
he uses is for the improvement of his  
patrons; and I may say that there is  
not one argument he uses that does not  
apply with equal force to the mechan-  
ic, the merchant, the farmer or the  
hotel keeper, a fact here for your pri-  
vate consideration. Almost every  
steambot that comes up the river  
brings to Greene county articles of city  
manufacture, which could be and are  
better made in the county and perhaps  
at no greater cost. Now why is it  
that men will do so? Do they ex-  
pect to get their patronage from the  
city; or do they wish by the insult to  
drive mechanics and all skilled labor  
from their midst into the peat up  
boundaries of some dingy city? For  
my own part, the only plausible rea-  
son that I can find, is that it has a  
tendency to fatten some men's vanity,  
by bringing home to some large town  
or some place that is all name,  
to secure an article which should be  
made at home. What is the result of  
this kind of dealing? I know men  
now in the city who are most excellent  
mechanics and artisans, who would  
gladly come to some country place to  
exercise their skill, and thus benefit  
some community, were it not for this  
pendant of individuals to discourage  
all kinds of home manufacture. Every  
community is just what its individual  
members make it. Mean, groveling  
and dishonest, or noble, generous and  
intelligent, assisting every man who  
shows a disposition to become master  
of his business. Of course I would  
not be guilty of trying to impose the  
claims of any *doubt, bold, or unproven*,  
upon the people. No, but let every  
man prove himself a caterer to the  
public taste, and improver of his spe-  
cial business; prepare himself by men-  
tal culture, by mechanical skill, by  
steady habits, and constant industry,  
to merit the claims he may put forth  
to public patronage. Suppose some,  
or all of those men who patronize city  
work, were to take a sample of the  
kind of work they want done to some  
skilled mechanic in their own town  
and say, "if you will do me work like  
this, I will give you a good job and  
pay you a good price for it." That  
man will in return patronize you as  
liberally, because he can then afford it,  
and will, if it comes in his way, turn  
many a dollar to your account; but if  
you will go from home to get mechan-  
ical labor done, he can with a good  
face tell you to go there for your pa-  
tronage. Another great advantage in  
encouraging skilled labor at home, is  
when you need something of a peculiar  
construction, or mechanical ingenuity  
to construct, you have it at hand and  
do not have to delay days and some-  
times weeks to send to the city. By  
encouraging home mechanics you help  
to cultivate public taste, by making it  
familiar with skillful mechanism. "Do  
unto others as you would that others  
should do unto you." If you stand  
up for the interests of your commu-  
nity, you have a right to expect that  
community will stand by your inter-  
ests. The mutual dependence of indi-  
viduals is the basis of commercial pros-  
perity, or adversity. Why then dis-  
integrate society? G. W. D.

THERE are two kinds of girls.  
One is the kind that appears best  
abroad, the girls that are good for  
parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and  
whose chief delight is in such things.  
The other is the kind that appears  
best at home, the girls that are useful  
and cheerful in the dining room, sick  
room, and all the precincts of home.  
They differ widely in character. One  
is often a torment at home, the other  
a blessing. One is a moth consuming  
everything about her; the other is a  
sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness  
around her pathway. The right educa-  
tion will modify both a little; and  
thus unite the good qualities of both  
in one.

A GENTLEMAN in Western New  
York manures his grape vines by  
burying at the roots the carcasses of  
dead cats. A rooter of Catawba fla-  
vor, he thinks, is thus imparted to  
the grapes.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MECHANICS.

In referring to the growing inclina-  
tion on the part of young men, after  
they have served long and hard ap-  
prenticeships to acquire a good trade,  
to abandon this mode of making a liv-  
ing and to enter the legal or medical  
profession, where it is supposed greater  
emoluments can be secured and larger  
honors won, a contemporary well ob-  
serves that in nineteen cases out of  
twenty such adventures are failures, for  
two reasons: First, the professions  
require peculiar talent and the most  
thorough education. As a rule, ap-  
prentices to the trades have neither the  
time nor the means to acquire this  
education. Hence, when a mechanic  
at the end of his apprenticeship as-  
pires to and enters any one of the pro-  
fessions, he does so at a great disad-  
vantage. He may be a fluent speaker,  
know how to argue a point in a debat-  
ing society or harangue a crowd at a  
ward meeting, but such talents do not  
fit him for the legal profession. He  
may know how to extract a splinter  
from his own hand, how to make a  
salve, how to mix a powder or admin-  
ister a pill, but all this, while it might  
qualify him as a good nurse, does not  
fit him for the medical profession. The  
fact is, the young men who abandon  
their trades are tempted to do so by a  
feeling of false pride, erroneously  
imagining there is no honor to be ac-  
quired in a pursuit of the mechanical  
arts. History proves the fallacy of  
such suppositions.

The brightest names which now  
adorn the annals of all countries are  
of the best mechanics who have blessed  
mankind with the productions of  
their genius. All that is beautiful  
and grand is the result of improve-  
ment in mechanics. The pendulum,  
the main spring, the barometer, ther-  
mometer, printing press, steam engine,  
locomotive, sewing machine, telescope  
—all, all are the result of mechanics'  
arts, making those famous who pro-  
duce them, and that people great who  
adopt them.

A good mechanic who becomes a  
pettifogger or quack, merely because he  
is too proud to work at his trade, is,  
indeed, a pitiful object. A man of the  
right mental balance, who has proper  
mental form, with the necessary in-  
dependence, will win as much honor  
and as fair a living in the trades as in  
the profession; and indifferent lawyer  
or doctor lacking briefs or patients is  
always a miserable being, a bad ex-  
ample in the community. Let our  
young mechanics, then, become ambi-  
tious in their own vocation. If they  
dignify their trades by becoming pro-  
ficient therein, the trades will dignify  
them with the highest honors. If  
mechanics pursue their business with  
a purpose to self-improvement therein,  
and not merely to hammer and file  
and saw, but to improve the farm, to  
develop something new therein, the  
mind will be strengthened as the arm  
becomes muscular, and the heart of  
the mechanic will be made to swell  
with as true a pride as ever glowed  
beneath the doublet of a prince. Will  
the young mechanic think of these  
truths?

## What we Begin to Believe.

We begin to believe that now-a-days  
greenbacks make the man, and dress  
the gentleman.

We begin to believe that the perse is  
more potent than the sword and the  
pen together.

We begin to believe that those who  
sin the most during the week are the  
most devout upon Sundays.

We begin to believe that honesty is  
the best policy—to speculate with until  
you gain everybody's confidence; then  
lose your pockets.

We begin to believe in humbugging  
the people out of their dollars. It is  
neither stealing or begging; and those  
who are humbugged have only them-  
selves to blame.

We begin to believe that a man was  
not made to enjoy life, but to keep  
miserable in the pursuit and posses-  
sion of riches.

We begin to believe the surest rem-  
edy for hard times and a tight money  
market is an extravagant expenditure  
on the part of individuals—to keep  
the money moving.

We begin to believe that none but  
knaves are qualified to hold office under  
the Government—with the exception  
of natural born fools and lunatics.

We begin to believe that pianofortes  
are more necessary in a family than  
meat and potatoes.

We begin to believe that a boy who  
doesn't swear, smoke and chew taba-  
co, may be a very good boy, but is  
naturally stupid.

We begin to believe that if the devil  
should die one-half of the world will  
be thrown out of employment.

We begin to believe he has most  
merit who makes the most noise in his  
own behalf; and that when Gabri-  
el comes—not to be behind the times,  
he, too, will blow his own horn pretty  
loud.

AN ATLANTA paper tells of a chap  
who came down from one of the upper  
counties and encountered a man with  
a hand organ covered with green cloth.  
The man began to turn and the other  
put down a quarter, which the other  
immediately took up. Down went an-  
other, which shared the same fate, and  
then another. The stranger, finding  
his pile getting low, turned to a by-  
stander and asked: "Mister, what sort  
of a game is this, any how?"

## A LEGEND OF 1776.

Night had set in deep, and in a small  
log cabin situated a few miles from  
Trenton, N. J., sat five men, four of  
whom were seated around an old oaken  
table in the centre of the room engaged  
in playing cards while they frequen-  
tly moistened their throats with large  
draughts from an earthen jug that  
stood on the table.

They were heavily bearded, coarse  
looking men, and from their dress  
which somewhat resembled the British  
uniform, they were evidently Tories.  
The other was a stout built young man  
clad in the continental uniform. He sat  
in one corner of the room with his  
face buried in his hands.

"Tom," said one of the Tories, ris-  
ing from the table and seating himself  
near the young prisoner, for such he  
evidently was, "Tom, you and I were  
school boys together, and I like you  
yet. Now why can't you give up your  
wild notions and join us. You are  
our prisoner, and if you don't we shall  
hand you over to headquarters to-mor-  
row, for with your bravery and talents  
you will soon distinguish yourself in  
the royal army, and after this rebel-  
lion is crushed out, your cause will  
be rewarded by knighthood and  
promotion in the army. Now there  
are two alternatives; which do you  
choose?"

"Neither," said the young man,  
raising his head and looking the Tory  
steadily in the eye.

"I am now as you say your prisoner,  
but when the clock strikes twelve I  
shall leave you—I shall leave in a  
cloud of smoke, and neither you nor  
your comrades, not even myself, can  
prevent it. You may watch me as  
closely as you please, tie me hand  
and foot if you will, but higher power  
than yours or mine has ordained  
that I shall leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow, his mind wanders,"  
said the Tory, "he'll talk differently  
in the morning." And he returned to  
his seat at the table, leaving the youth  
with his head again resting in his  
hands.

When the clock struck eleven, the  
young prisoner drew a pipe and some  
tobacco from his pocket, and asked the  
Tory leader if he had any objection to  
his smoking. "None in the least," he  
said, adding with a laugh—"that is, if  
you'll promise not to disappear in a  
cloud of tobacco smoke."

The young man made no reply, but  
immediately filled and lighted his pipe,  
having done which he arose and com-  
menced pacing the floor.

He took half a dozen turns up and  
down each side of the room, approach-  
ing nearer the table each time, when  
having exhausted his pipe he returned  
to his seat and re-filled it.

He continued to smoke until the  
clock struck twelve, when he arose  
from his seat and slowly knocking the  
ashes out of his pipe, said:

"There, boys, it's twelve o'clock and  
I must leave you; good by!"

Immediately all around the room  
steaks of fire ran hissing and squir-  
ring; the cabin was filled with dense  
sulphurous smoke, amidst which was  
heard a clap of thunder. The Tories  
set in their chairs paralyzed with  
fright.

The smoke soon cleared away, but  
the prisoner was nowhere to be seen.  
The table was overturned, the window  
was smashed to pieces, and one chair  
was lying on the ground outside of the  
building.

The Tory leader, after recovering  
from his stupor, gave one glance  
around the room and spring out of the  
window, followed by his comrades.  
They ran through the forest at the top  
of their speed in the direction of the  
British encampment leaving their mus-  
kets and other arms to the mercy of  
the flames, which had now begun to de-  
vour the cabin.

The next day two young men dress-  
ed in the Continental uniform were  
seen standing near the ruins of the old  
cabin. One was of thoughtful previous.  
"Let us hear all about it, Tom," said  
the other.

"Well," said he, "last evening as I  
was passing this place, two Tories ran  
out of the cabin and took possession  
of me. Before I could make any resis-  
tance they took me in, and who do  
you suppose I saw as a leader of their  
party but John Barton, our old school  
mate. He talked with me, and tried  
to induce me to join them; but I told  
them I couldn't do it—that at twelve  
o'clock I was going to escape, disappear  
in a cloud of fire and smoke; but he  
laughed at me and said I was out of  
my head."

"About eleven o'clock I asked him  
if I might smoke. He said he had no  
objection; so I filled my pipe and  
lighted it, and commenced walking the  
floor. I had about a pound of gun-  
powder in my pocket, and as I walked  
I strewn it all over the floor. When  
the clock struck twelve I hid them  
good by, and told them I had to go;  
and then knocking the ashes out of my  
pipe, the powder ignited and a daz-  
zling flame of fire shot across, around  
and all over the room, filling it with  
suffocating smoke. Before I cleared  
away I hurled a chair through the win-  
dow, sprang out and departed, leaving  
them to their own reflections. You  
know the rest."

JAMES GORDON BENNET, of the  
Herald has forbidden any of his edi-  
tors or reporters to attend the Dick-  
ens banquet at New York, under pain  
of dismissal. Mr. Greeley will preside.

## MEETING HOTEL EXPENSES.

"Are you the keeper of this here  
tavern?" inquired a tall, linky indi-  
vidual, belonging to the—regiment  
North Carolina State troops, and then  
in the Confederate States service.

"I am the proprietor of this hotel,"  
replied the bustling little hotel-keeper  
of an establishment between this city  
and Richmond; "what can I do for  
you?"

"What you ax for a bed?" said the  
soldier.

"Seven dollars, sir," responded the  
gentleman addressed.

"Only seven dollars, you say? Well,  
that is cheap; dog gone if it ain't.  
Here's Confederate five, and there's a  
two; it's all right, ain't it mister?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Boniface,  
"it is all perfectly correct."

"You hear him, didn't you, Jem?"  
said the military gentleman, address-  
ing one of his companions.

"I hear him," was the response.

"And you hear him, too, didn't  
you, Ike?" inquired he of another.

"In course I did," was the reply.  
"I expect it's right between you."

"That's a blessin', any how," said  
the soldier. "And now mister, if  
you'd only traveled as far as I hev,  
you would want to sleep mighty sud-  
den."

"Certainly, sir, all right," exclaim-  
ed the landlord, as he proceeded to  
direct a servant to show the gentle-  
man his apartment.

The soldier evidently slept soundly;  
but very early in the morning, he  
might have been seen descending the  
stairs with the mattress upon which he  
had slept carefully tied up and slung  
over his shoulder. He had not pro-  
ceeded far, however, before he was met  
by the astonished landlord, who indig-  
nantly demanded to know what he  
was doing with that bed.

"Gwine to take it out for the reg-  
iment," coolly remarked the soldier.

"You are, are you?" roared the ex-  
asperated landlord: "how dare you  
carry off my property in that man-  
ner?"

"Your property? Well, I like that.  
Didn't I give you seven dollars for this  
here bed only last night, and didn't  
two of our fellows hear the trade?  
Your property, eh?"

"The seven dollars you paid me was  
for your lodging," said the proprietor,  
growing somewhat irate as he spoke.

"Nary login, I I knew it," re-  
sponded the soldier, "I axed you what  
you axed for a bed, and paid you  
your price, and according to the na-  
ture of a traid, the bed's mine."

"Well, sir," interrupted the angry  
host, "and what do you ask for your  
bed? I want it."

"Now yer talkin'," replied the  
North Carolinian, as he dumped the  
bed upon the floor, and carelessly  
threw himself upon it. "I want to  
be reasonable, and bein' it's you I'll  
let you have the bed for fifteen dol-  
lars."

"Fifteen dollars!" gasped the land-  
lord.

"Jes so," quietly remarked the sol-  
dier; "if a man don't make one hun-  
dred cent, darn me if he can pay  
hotel expenses."

The landlord paid the money, and  
probably avoided speculating in future  
with any of the North Carolina troops.

## A NEW PAPER.

We publish the following prospec-  
tus, as it is decidedly rich:  
I propose to start a religious paper  
on the gift enterprise plan. It will  
be devoted to sanctity and sewing  
machines, piety, politics, and patent  
medicines.

The following premiums will be  
given to subscribers:

Subscribers for one copy of the  
Church Caneer will be presented with  
a box of patent petroleum paste block-  
ing. This is a very superior article;  
it will black boots or shoes, and may  
be used as a hair dye. [See testimony  
from leading clergymen, statesmen  
and bootblacks.]

Subscribers for two copies will re-  
ceive a box of sardines.

Subscribers for ten copies will be  
presented with a pair of iron-clad  
spectacles, with glass eyes, warranted  
to suit one age as well as another.

Subscribers for twelve copies will  
be entitled to a wooden leg, a patent  
boot-jack, which can also be used as a  
cork-screw, a coffee mill, or an ink-  
stand.

Subscribers for twenty copies will be  
entitled to a pair of false calves, and  
a gilt edge copy of Anna Dickinson's  
speeches and writings.

Subscribers for twenty-five copies  
will receive a tilting hoop-skirt, and a  
marble bureau with a mahogany top.

Subscribers for fifty copies will re-  
ceive a suit of summer furs, and a  
burial plot, with an order for a tomb-  
stone when required.

Subscribers for five hundred copies  
will receive a nomination for Con-  
gress, with a library consisting of a  
bottle and a pack of cards.

Subscribers for a thousand copies  
will be presented with a farm in New  
Jersey, fenced in and mortgaged.

Clergymen acting as agents for the  
Caneer will be furnished with one  
pair of brass knuckles, and an acre of  
court-plaster.

THE Pittsburgh Gazette says a boy  
in Missouri bought and ate four  
pounds of gum drops the other  
day and was nearly asphyxiated in  
consequence.

## DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES—A DIA- LOGUE.

A foreigner, anxious to study the  
present condition of American politics  
recently inquired of a prominent Demo-  
crat what are the present principles  
of the Democratic party. The follow-  
ing dialogue ensued:

Democrat. Why, sir, the Democrati-  
c party has always been frank in the  
statement of its principles. You have  
only to read the platform adopted at  
its last National Convention, and you  
will find them set forth in full.

Foreigner. I have read it, and find  
the only distinctive point in it to be  
that "after four years of failure to re-  
store the Union by war, there ought  
to be and immediate cessation of hos-  
tilities." I suppose the triumph of  
the Government over the rebellion in  
the fifth year of the war must have ob-  
liged the Democratic party to admit  
that they were mistaken.

Dem. Mistaken I Sir, the Democrati-  
c party was never mistaken. But on  
reflection I perceive that the present  
principles of the party are not stated  
in its platform. The first is that this  
is a white man's country, and that  
black men have no constitutional right  
to vote, especially in reconstructing  
the Southern States, and no human  
power can give them the right.

For. You have heard of Noah  
Webster, have you not?

Dem. Heard of him, yes; and  
he was not only the best lexicographer  
of the English language, but he was a  
straight out, old-fashioned Connecticut  
Democrat.

For. Well, he defines a Democrat  
to be "one who favors the extension of  
the right of suffrage to all classes of  
men." How is it that a man can be a  
Democrat solely because he opposes  
that doctrine?

Dem. Politics have changed since  
Webster's time. He did not regard  
negroes as men.

For. Indeed he defined a negro to  
be "one belonging to the black race of  
men."

Dem. Well, Webster is a mere pol-  
itician. Our statesmen have thought  
differently.

For. Who are your statesmen?

Dem. Andrew Jackson and—

For. But Jackson led the free na-  
groes to the polls, and voted with them  
side by side.

Dem. Oh, yes, we would be perfect-  
ly willing to lead them to the polls,  
but the mischief is they won't be led.  
They march to the polls in platoons  
against us. But this is not our prin-  
ciple point now that negro suffrage  
has prevailed over the South; we have  
financial policies. The National bonds  
should be taxed, and what is left of  
their value after paying the tax should  
be paid in greenbacks.

For. What is a greenback?

Dem. It is the promise of the Uni-  
ted States to pay a certain sum of mon-  
ey without interest.

For. And are the greenbacks ever  
to be paid?

Dem. No, they are to circulate as  
currency.

For. How long will they circulate as  
currency after it is announced that they  
are never to be paid? And how much  
will they be worth per dollar?

Dem. That's none of my business.  
The Black Republicans issued them,  
and they must take care of them.

For. But Democrats hold them and  
will suffer by their repudiation.

Dem. Well we'll consent to lose  
what we have in greenbacks in order  
to break down the aristocratic bond-  
holders.

For. And who are they?

Dem. The rich men, the Astors,  
Stewarts, &c.

For. But I am told these men hold  
no bonds, and that nearly all your  
bonds are owned directly or indirectly,  
by poor men.

Dem. It must be mighty indirect,  
then. I'm sure I don't own any.

For. Let us see. Have you any  
money in bank?

Dem. A little; and my wife has a  
deposit in the Savings Bank, which  
she has saved from her cheese and  
butter.

For. You are both Bondholders,  
then. Are your lives or property in-  
sured?

Dem. We have a policy on our  
house.

For. What are you such aristocrat-  
ic bondholders?

Dem. How is that?

For. Nearly all the National bonds  
owned in this country are held by the  
National Banks, Savings Banks, Life  
Fire and Marine Insurance and Trust  
Companies. These companies in turn  
are merely agents for those who in-  
sure and deposit and do business with  
them. In New York State the Sav-  
ings Banks alone hold \$19,000,000  
in bonds. Those of Massachusetts \$25,  
000,000; those of Rhode Island \$13,  
000,000, and including the other thirty-  
four States, it is safe to say that the  
Savings Banks alone hold \$300,000,  
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